

JAN.-FEB.

BLAZING WEST

IND.

10¢





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

Reducing Specialist Says:



"Thanks to the Spot Reducer, I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N. Y.

LOSE WEIGHT

where it shows most

REDUCE

most any part of the body with

SPOT REDUCER



DOCTORS PROVE BY ACTUAL TEST THAT THIS EASY TO USE SPOT REDUCER HELPS LOSE POUNDS AND INCHES WHERE IT SHOWS MOST. Yes . . . Doctors say that this method of reducing will help you lose weight easily, pleasantly, safely. Nothing internal to take. No pills, laxatives or harmful drugs. Just think of it you can lose weight in SPOTS, just in the places it shows most. All you do is follow the instructions of this amazing, new, scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER.

HOW SPOT REDUCER WORKS. The Spot Reducer uses the age old principle of massage. It breaks down excess fatty tissue, tones the muscles and flesh and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat economically, simply, pleasantly. In a recent Medical Book, edited by the chairman and two other members of Council on Physical Therapy of AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, the following is stated on page 34, Chapter 18, Vol. 3: "Beyond all question something can be done by massage to reduce local deposits of FAT . . . There can however, be no question that massage applied to the region of the HIPS can and does, reduce the amount of fatty deposits in this region". This book is a reliable unbiased source of information and many doctors refer to it for the last word in Physical Therapy. This prompted us to develop and have doctors test the SPOT REDUCER.

HERE IS PROOF POSITIVE THAT THE SPOT REDUCER WORKS!

In recent tests made by outstanding licensed Medical Doctors on more than 100 people with the use of Spot Reducer everyone lost pounds and inches in a few short weeks, in HIPS, ABDOMEN, LEGS, ARMS, BUTTOCKS, etc. And the users say: "IT WAS FUN AND THEY ENJOYED IT." The Spot Reducer worked as well on men as it did on women. The Spot Reducer way controls weight, once down to normal it helps retain your new "SLIM FIGURE" as long as you like. Look and feel better, see bulges disappear within the first weeks. The beauty of this scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. Thousands have lost weight this way in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in the privacy of your own room in your spare time.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE WITH A 10-DAY FREE TRIAL

If the "Spot Reducer" doesn't do the wonders for you as it has for others, if you don't lose weight and inches where you want to lose it most, if you're not 100% delighted with the results, your money will be returned at once.

Miss Nancy Mace, Bronx, N. Y., says: "I went from size 16 dress to a size 12 with the use of the Spot Reducer. I am glad I used it."

FREE

A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

MAIL COUPON NOW!

The "Spot Reducer" Co., Dept. A-100
871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once, for \$2 cash, check or money order, the "Spot Reducer" and your famous Special Formula Body Massage Cream, postpaid. If I am not 100% satisfied, my money will be refunded.

Name

Address

City State

INJUN JONES

THE CAMP'S
AWFULLY QUIET,
INJUN! DIDN'T
YOU TELL ME
THIS WAS THE
DAY WHEN THE
TRIBE STARTED
ITS BIG
HUNT?

CAN'T UNDERSTAND
IT, VICKIE! THERE ISN'T
EVEN A HORSE IN
SIGHT! RECKON WE
BETTER FIND OUT
WHY!

*THE FIGHTING FRONTIER OF
THE OLD WEST KNEW MANY
STRANGE STORIES...BUT NONE
STRANGER THAN THAT OF INJUN
JONES, A WHITE MAN REARED
BY SAVAGE REDSKINS! FOLLOW
HIM IN HIS GREATEST ADVENTURE
AS HE PITS THE STRENGTH AND
CUNNING OF THE WILDS AGAINST
THE MOST AMAZING PLOT IN
ARIZONA'S BLOOD-STAINED
HISTORY!*

INJUN JONES!
TRIBE WELCOME
YOU, MY SON!

GREETINGS, OH CHIEF!
WHAT OF YOUR HUNT
AND HORSES? WHAT
HAS HAPPENED?

HORSES LEAVE
RANGE...CAN
NO FIND! NO
HUNT WITHOUT
HORSES...VERY
BAD FOR MY
PEOPLE!

MOST OF THOSE
HORSES ARE HALF-
WILD...BUT SOME
ARE TAME! THEY
WOULDN'T ALL
SKEEDADLE
WITHOUT A
REASON!

RECKON I'D BETTER
TRY TO TRACK THOSE
BRONCS! MIND WAIT-
IN', VICKIE?

OF COURSE
NOT, INJUN
...BUT BE
CAREFUL!



Miles beyond...

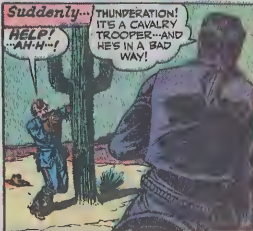
I MAY FIND 'EM
SOONER THAN I
EXPECTED! THAT
WIDE SWIRL OF
DUST MEANS
HORSES!



Suddenly...

HELP!
...AH-H...!

THUNDERATION!
IT'S A CAVALRY
TROOPER--AND
HE'S IN A BAD
WAY!



EASY,
SERGEANT!
LET'S GET IN
THE SHADE
AN' HAVE
SOME
WATER!

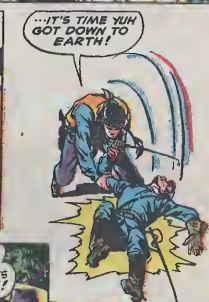
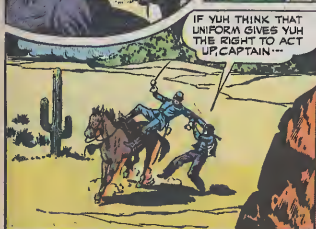


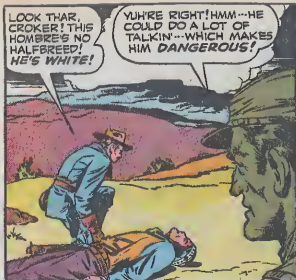
BULLET WOUNDS!
BUT WHO'D BUSHWHACK
A SOLDIER?



THAT'S
LUCK! HERE
COMES HIS
TROOP!

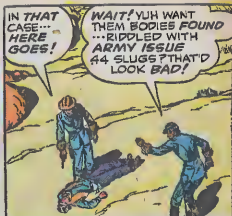






LOOK THAR, CROKER! THIS HOMBRE'S NO HALFBREED! HE'S WHITE!

YUH'RE RIGHT! HMM...HE COULD DO A LOT OF TALKIN'...WHICH MAKES HIM DANGEROUS!



IN THAT CASE... HERE GOES!

WAIT! YUH WANT THEM BODIES FOUND...RIDDLED WITH ARMY ISSUE 44 SLUGS? THAT'D LOOK BAD!

BY THE WAY...I WANT YOU BONEHEADS TO REMEMBER YORE DISCIPLINE! I'M CAPTAIN CROKER...SAVVY? LET'S MOVE!

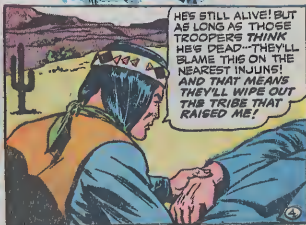


GRAB HIS HORSE! THEY MAY NOT BE DEAD YET...BUT THEY'LL NEVER MAKE IT BACK THROUGH THE DESERT ON FOOT!



AN HOUR LATER...UNDER A MERCILESS SUN...

TOOK MY BRONC, EH? I CAN UNDERSTAND WHY THEY'D LEAVE ME HERE TO DIE--BUT WHAT ABOUT THE SERGEANT?



HE'S STILL ALIVE! BUT AS LONG AS THOSE TROOPERS THINK HE'S DEAD--THEY'LL BLAME THIS ON THE NEAREST INJUNS! AND THAT MEANS THEY'LL WIPE OUT THE TRIBE THAT RAISED ME!

I'VE GOT TO GET THE SERGEANT TO THE INJUN CAMP! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY FOR THE TRIBE TO PROVE THEIR INNOCENCE...AND THAT'S BY SAVING HIS LIFE!



THROUGH THE MERCILESS DESERT...MILE AFTER MILE...

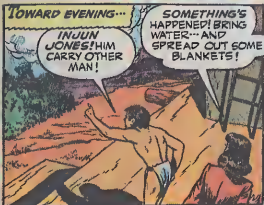
NINE MORE MILES! IF I STOP...JUST ONCE...I'M LICKED...!



TOWARD EVENING...

INJUN JONES! HIM CARRY OTHER MAN!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED! BRING WATER...AND SPREAD OUT SOME BLANKETS!



I THINK WE CAN SAVE HIM, INJUN... BUT IF NOT...!

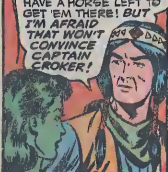
SPEAK, BROTHER! DID YOU BRING SOLDIER HERE BECAUSE YOU THINK WE SHOOT-UM?



YOU CAN'T BELIEVE THAT, INJUN! THE CHIEF'S BRAVES WOULD NEVER ATTACK A CAVALRYMAN...EVEN IF THE SOLDIERS HAD BEEN ROUNDING UP THEIR HORSES!

IF I CAN REACH THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE AT RED GULCH SOON ENOUGH...A MESSAGE TO CAVALRY HEADQUARTERS AT FORT WINGATE MAY PREVENT A MASSACRE!

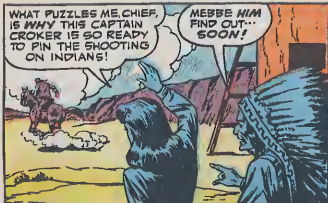
I KNOW THAT VICKIE! THAT CAVALRYMAN WAS SHOT FAR OUT ON THE DESERT...AND THE TRIBE DON'T HAVE A HORSE LEFT TO GET 'EM THERE! BUT I'M AFRAID THAT WON'T CONVINCE CAPTAIN CROKER!

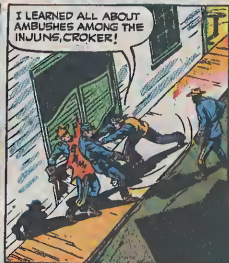


HIS NAME'S SCRATCHED ON THE BACK OF THIS TAG...SERGEANT L.K. TURNER! BUT WHY ARE YOU TAKING HIS INSIGNIA, INJUN?

I'LL SEND IT TO FORT WINGATE ON THE MAIL COACH...TO BACK UP THE ACCOUNT IN MY TELEGRAPH MESSAGE!





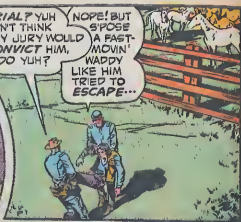


WE DON'T AIM
TO TANGLE IN
ARMY MATTERS,
CAPTAIN...BUT WE
WANT YUH TO
KNOW INJUN'S A
FRIEND O' OURS!

YUH MEAN THIS
MURDERER?
DON'T WORRY
--HE'LL GIT A
FAIR TRIAL!

TRIAL? YUH
DON'T THINK
ANY JURY WOULD
CONVICT HIM,
DO YUH?

NOPE! BUT
S'POSE A FAST-
MOVIN' WADDY
LIKE HIM
TRIED TO
ESCAPE...



...AND
ACCIDENTALLY
GOT HIMSELF
TRAMPLED
FLAT BY
THREE
HUNDRED
HORSES?

BANG!

START
GOIN'!
YIP-EEEE
... GIT
ROLLIN';
BRONCS!

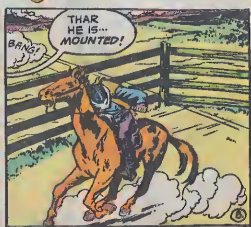
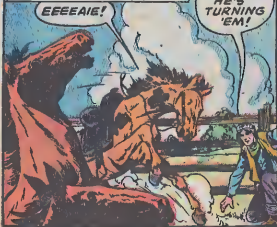
GREAT
HAT--THEY'RE
COMIN'
STRAIGHT
AT ME!



Suddenly...IN THE PATH
OF THE ONCOMING HOOVES...

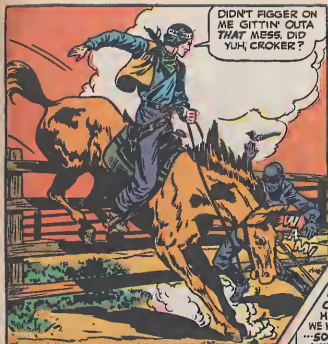
EEEEAAIE!

MY
BRONC!
HE'S
TURNING
'EM!



THAR
HE IS...
MOUNTED!

BANG!



DIDN'T FIGGER ON ME GITTIN' OUTA THAT MESS, DID YUH, CROKER?



THIS AINT GOIN' TO LOOK GOOD WHEN HE SPREADS THE NEWS! ROUND UP THE BOYS!

BANG!

Minutes later...

YUH SURE THEY'RE JEST PRETENDIN' TO BE SOLDIERS, INJUN?

NEED PROOF? THEY'RE CUTTIN' THE TELEGRAPH WIRES... TO KEEP US FROM SENDIN' AN EMERGENCY MESSAGE TO FORT WINGATE!



COVER! IT'S CROKER...AND HIS WHOLE TROOP! WE KNOW TOO MUCH...SO THEY'RE ATTACKIN' US!

FIGHT YOUR WAY BACK TO THE APACHE BAR...AND HOLE IN!

BANG!

BANG!
CRACK!

THAR AINT MOREN A DOZEN WADDIES AGAINST TWENTY O' US... AN' THEY CAN'T OUTSHOOT THEM NEW ARMY CARBINES!



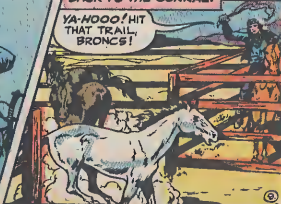
BANG!

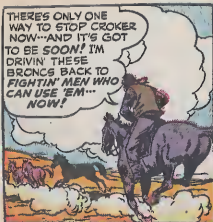
BANG!

BANG!

Meanwhile...INJUN SWINGS BACK TO THE CORRAL!

YA-HOOO! HIT THAT TRAIL, BRONCS!





THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP CROKER NOW...AND IT'S GOT TO BE SOON! I'M DRIVIN' THESE BRONCS BACK TO FIGHTIN' MEN WHO CAN USE 'EM... NOW!



An hour later...

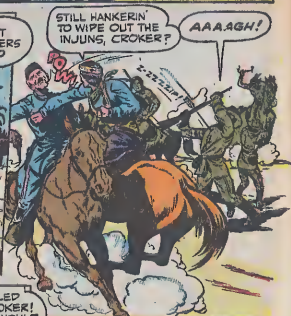
BURN 'EM OUT! RED GULCH MAY BE WISE TO OUR GAME...BUT WERE FLATTENIN' RED GULCH!



There...in a pounding gallop...Injun Jones leads his braves into battle!

YIP-EEEEEE!
YA-HOOOOO!

THREE OF YOU STOP THAT FIRE! YOU OTHERS...PILE ONTO 'EM!



STILL HANKERIN' TO WIPE OUT THE INJUNS, CROKER?

AAAAGH!

WE LEARNED RANGE HORSES FETCH A HUNNERT DOLLARS A HEAD IN ST. LOU...THAT'S A WAR ON IN EUROPE! FIGGERED WE COULD RAKE IN A FORTUNE...AFTER AMBUSHIN' A CAVALRY CAMP AN' GRABBIN' THEIR UNIFORMS!

YOU HAD ME FOOLED FOR A WHILE, CROKER! BUT AN OFFICER WOULD KNOW THE NAME OF HIS SERGEANT...AN' NOT BE TRICKED INTO CALLIN' HIM SMITH...INSTEAD OF TURNER!



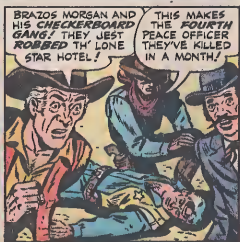
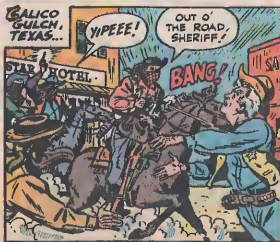
A week later...

THOSE UNIFORMS WOULD HAVE LET CROKER DO PRACTICALLY ANYTHING, INJUN! I CAN THANK YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS FOR STOPPING HIM...AND FOR AVENGING THE AMBUSH OF MY TROOP!

CROKER GAVE ME MY FIRST NOTION SOME-THIN' WAS WRONG, SERGEANT...YAMMERIN' FOR THE BLOOD OF PEACEFUL INJUNS THE CAVALRY IS SUPPOSED TO PROTECT!



INJUN JONES! SHARP-EYED...SURE-FOOTED...FAST-DRAWING...AND HE'LL BE BACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



DAY AFTER DAY, THE BLAZING GUNS OF THE OUTLAWS BLAST A BLOODY SWATH ACROSS THE COUNTRY'SIDE—



A FEW WEEKS LATER— TEXAS TIM BRENNAN IS SUMMONED TO RANGER HEADQUARTERS.

YORE MESSAGE SOUNDED MIGHTY URGENT, CHIEF, GOT HERE FAST AS I COULD!

I'LL GIT RIGHT TO THE POINT, TIM! I JEST RECEIVED A FRANTIC PLEA FROM THE CITIZENS O' CALICO GULCH!



THE CHECKERBOARD GANG IS GITTIN' OUT O' HAND! KILLIN', ROBBERY AN' RUSTLIN' ARE COMMON AS BREAKFAST DOWN THAR! SO FAR, FOUR SHERIFFS HAVE BEEN KILLED... AN' TWO QUIT 'CAUSE THE JOB WAS TOO HOT FER 'EM!

'AN THAT MEANS ME, I RECKON! WAAL, I'LL LEAVE PRONTO--I'VE BEEN ITCHIN' TO MEET UP WITH THAT BUNCH! IT'S TIME THE RANGERS TOOK OVER!

GALLOPING HORSE-HOOVES ECHO ACROSS ROCKY FOOT-HILLS AS TEXAS TIM RIDES ON A BOLD MISSION OF JUSTICE!

TWO MORE DAYS SHOULD BRING ME IN SIGHT O' CALICO GULCH!



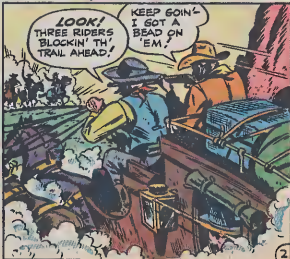
TWO DAYS LATER—

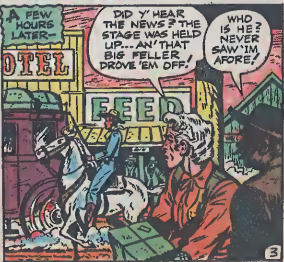
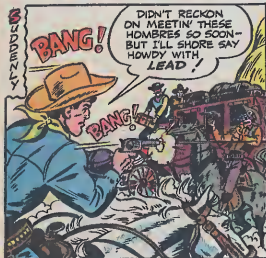
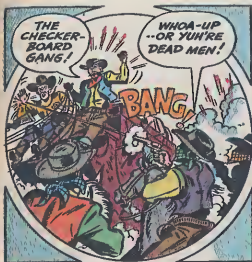
WAAL, LOOKS LIKE THE END O' THE TRAIL! IF I FOLLOW THAT STAGE, IT SHOULD LEAD ME RIGHT INTO TOWN!

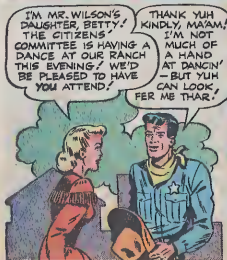
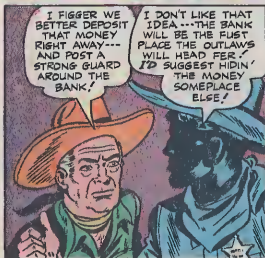
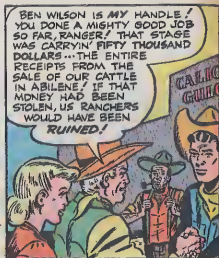


LOOK! THREE RIDERS BLOCKIN' TH' TRAIL AHEAD!

KEEP GOIN'— I GOT A BEAD ON 'EM!

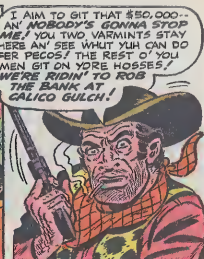




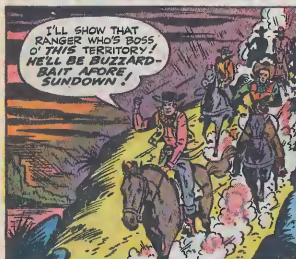




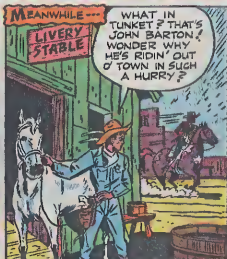
YUH MANGY COYOTES!
YUH GIT JUMPED BY ONE
MEASLY RANGER AN' YUH
HIGH-TAIL LIKE YALLER
DOGS! I'VE GOT A MIND
TO VENTILATE YUH
WITH LEAD!



I AIM TO GIT THAT \$50,000--
AN' **NOBODY'S GONNA STOP
ME!** YOU TWO, VARMINTS STAY
HERE AN' SEE WHUT YUH CAN DO
FER PECOS! THE REST O' YOU
MEN GIT ON YORE HOSSES!
**WE'RE RIDIN' TO ROB
THE BANK AT
CALICO GULCH!**



I'LL SHOW THAT
RANGER WHO'S BOSS
O' THIS TERRITORY!
**HE'LL BE BUZZARD-
BAIT AFORE
SUNDOWN!**



MEANWHILE---
LIVERY STABLE

WHAT IN
TUNKET? THAT'S
JOHN BARTON!
WONDER WHY
HE'S RIDIN' OUT
O' TOWN IN SUCH
A HURRY?



I'M JUST PLAYIN' A **NUNCH!**
BARTON SEEMED IN TOO MUCH
OF A HURRY TO OFFER
KEEPIN' THE RANCHERS'
MONEY IN HIS SAFE!
RECKON IT WON'T HURT
NONE TO FOLLOW HIM!



WAAL, I'LL BE A HORNED
TOAD! A BAND O' RIDERS
COMIN' THIS WAY-- AND
BARTON'S PULLED UP HIS
BRONC! LOOKS LIKE HE'S
WAITIN' FER 'EM!

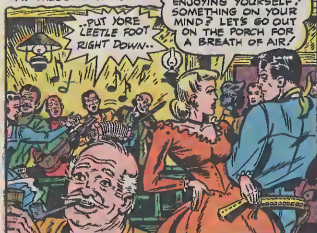
THE CHECKERBOARD GANG!
TOO MANY FER ME TO TACKLE
ALONE! BARTON SEEMS TO BE
ON PURTY GOOD TERMS WITH
'EM, TOO! WISH I
COULD MAKE OUT
WHAT THEY'RE
SAYIN'!



I'LL FOLLOW BARTON
BACK TO TOWN AN' SIT
TIGHT! HE AND THE
OUTLAWS WILL SHOW
THEIR HAND SOON!
ENOUGH, I RECKON!



**THAT NIGHT—THE DANCE
AT WILSON'S RANCH—**



...PUT YORE
LEETLE FOOT
RIGHT DOWN...

YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE
ENJOYING YOURSELF!
SOMETHING ON YOUR
MIND? LET'S GO OUT
ON THE PORCH FOR
A BREATH OF AIR!

YOU'RE A STRANGE,
SILENT TYPE OF MAN!
HAVEN'T YOU
EVER BEEN IN
LOVE, MR.
BRENNAN?

WAAL,
MA'AM...YUH
SEE...I...ER...



DON'T YOU
EVER GET
TIRED OF
TRAVELING
ALONE?

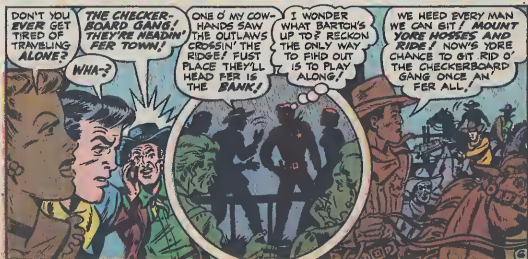
**THE CHECKER-
BOARD GANG!**
THEY'RE HEADIN'
FER TOWN!

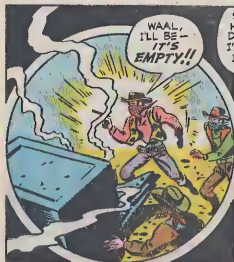
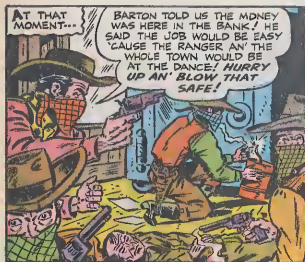
WHA-?

ONE O MY COW-
HANDS SAW
THE OUTLAWS
CROSSIN' THE
RIDGE! FUST
PLACE THEY'LL
HEAD FER IS
THE BANK!

I WONDER
WHAT BARTON'S
UP TO? RECKON
THE ONLY WAY
TO FIND OUT
IS TO PLAY
ALONG!

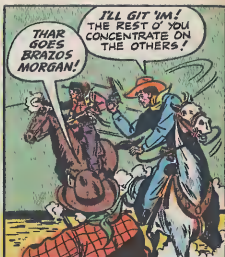
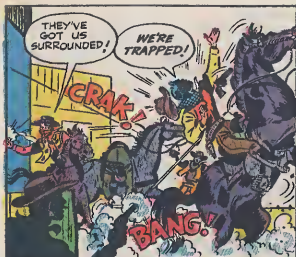
WE HEED EVERY MAN
WE CAN GIT! MOUNT
YORE HORSES AND
RIDE! NOW'S YORE
CHANCE TO GIT RID O'
THE CHECKERBOARD
GANG ONCE AN'
FER ALL!

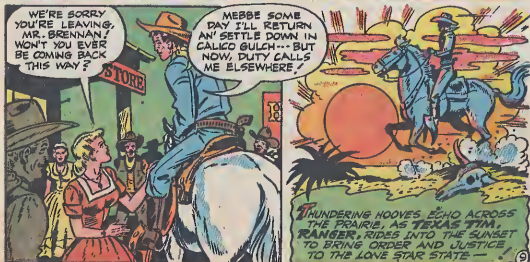
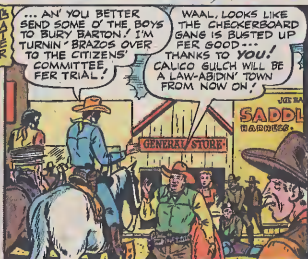




BANG!

WE'VE GOT 'EM ON THE RUN! LET 'EM HAVE IT!





NOW! You Can Get The Official LONE RANGER SECRET CODE PEN SET!

**AMAZE AND MYSTIFY
YOUR FRIENDS!**

AN EVERLAST
PRODUCT



Plenty
FUN
for you

BLUE

The Lone Ranger's
Secret Code Pen

RED

Danger Signal Pen

GREEN

Tonto's Own Pen

PLUS

A handsomely embossed leather scabbard holder **ALL FOUR**
FOR ONLY

LIMITED OFFER!

\$1.00
For Complete Set

**A SENSATIONAL
CHRISTMAS BUY!**

**BE THE FIRST
TO HAVE THIS
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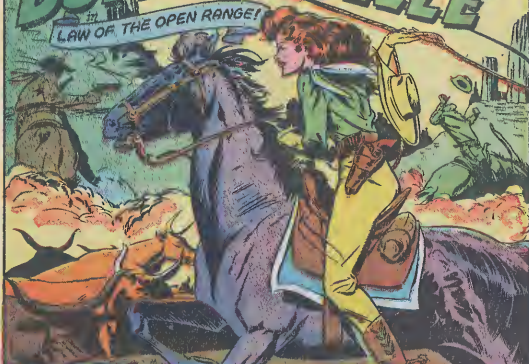
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BUFFALO BELLE

IN THE
LAW OF THE OPEN RANGE!



I'M GOIN' TO DRIVE MY HERD THROUGH THE CHEROKEE STRIP AND NOBODY'S STOPPIN' ME!" SNARLED PECOS KINKAID...AND SWORE THAT ANYONE WHO STRUNG A FENCE ACROSS THE CATTLE TRAILS WOULD DIE! WHEN THE PEACE OF THE COW COUNTRY ERUPTED INTO VIOLENT WARFARE, BUFFALO BELLE TRENT CHAMPIONED THE CAUSE OF THE HOMESTEADERS AND RECKLESSLY DEFIED THE LAW OF THE OPEN RANGE!

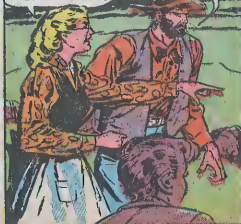
A HOMESTEAD IN THE CHEROKEE STRIP...

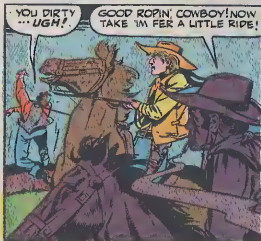
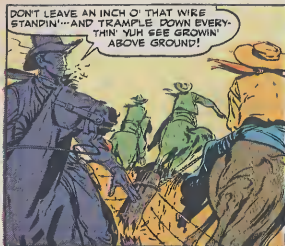
FEELS MIGHTY GOOD TO HAVE OUR OWN FARM! WE'RE A RIGHT TO BE PROUD, ALICE!

IT'LL SOON BE TIME FER THE HARVEST!



SUDDENLY... THEY'RE BREAKIN' DOWN MY FENCES! JEFF! THOSE MEN... LOOK!





THE NEARBY TOWN OF SAGE FLAT...

Y'KNOW, BELLE, I BEEN WATCHIN' THESE HOMESTEADERS COMIN' OUT HERE AND SETTIN' UP FARMS FER THEMSELVES, AND IT'S BEEN GIVIN' ME IDEAS! ER... IF YUH'D A MIND TO, THAT IS, MEBBES WE COULD...

YES, YES, GO ON!



GOL DURN! HYAR COMES JEFF TATUM, A-RIDIN' LIKE THE DEVIL WAS CHASIN' HIM!

SHERIFF HANLEY! SHERIFF HANLEY!



...SO THE RANGE RIDERS BROKE DOWN YORE FENCES AND PLUMB NEAR HANGED YUH, EHT THE ORNERY HORNTODS!

LET'S GO, BELLE! I RECKON WE'LL PAY THEM COW-PUNCHERS A LITTLE VISIT!



WHEN YUH MADE ME YORE DEPUTY, LUKE, I SWORE I'D DO ALL IN MY POWER TO PROTECT THESE HOMESTEADERS... AN' I AIM TO DO JEST THAT!

THAR'S THE COW CAMP... YONDER IN THAT CLUMP O' COTTONWOODS!



WHO'S THE BOSS O' THIS OUTFIT?

I'M THE BOSS! PECOS KINKAID IS MY HANDLE... FROM THE BIG BEND COUNTRY! AIN'T OFTEN WE GIT A PURTY GAL FER COMPANY! GIT OFF YORE HOSSES AND SET A SPELL!



THIS AIN'T NO SOCIAL CALL, MISTER! YORE RANGE RIDERS HAVE BEEN GIVIN' THE LOCAL HOMESTEADERS SOME PURTY ROUGH TREATMENT! IT'S GOT TO STOP... AN' PRONTO!

HOLD ON, SHERIFF! DON'T YOU GO BLAMIN' MY BOYS... THEY'VE BEEN CUT WITH THE HERD ALL DAY... STILL OUT THAR, IN FACT!



BUT I'LL TELL YUH THIS! WE'RE ONLY STOPPIN' HYAR TO REST OUR LONGHORNS! BY SUN-UP TOMORROW WE'RE STARTIN' TO MOVE AGAIN... AN' FENCES OR ANY-THIN' ELSE AIN'T GOIN' TO STOP US! THAT'S THE LAW O' THE OPEN RANGE!



I'M WARNIN' YUH TO DETOUR AROUND THIS TERRITORY! IF YUH BUST DOWN JUST ONE MORE FENCE, YUH'RE GOIN' TO MEET WITH A HEAP O' TROUBLE!

I DON'T LIKE YORE TALK, PODNER! NOW GIT--OR REACH FER LEATHER!



GULP!



THE DIRTY SIDEWINDER! GIT 'IM, BOYS!

UNLIMBER THAT WHIP, BELLE! PRONTO!



WHAT THE...!

OW-WW!



THAT'LL SHOW YUH WE MEAN BUSINESS! IF YUH'RE LOCKIN' FER TROUBLE, YUH'LL GIT MORE'N YUH RECKONED ON 'ROUND THESE PARTS!



YOU AIN'T HEARD THE LAST O' THIS! THE REST O' MY BOYS WILL BE BACK AFORE SUN-UP, AND I'M A-WARNIN' YUH--WE'RE GOIN' TO BUST THROUGH EVERY FENCE IN THIS TERRITORY!



WE GOT A WAR ON OUR HANDS, BELLE!

LOOKS LIKE IT! WE'VE GOT TILL MORNIN' TO ROUND UP THE HOMESTEADERS FER THE SHOWDOWN!



Later...

LOOK! THE HOMESTEADERS ARE MOVIN' OUT!

THE FOOLS! WE CAN'T LET 'EM DO IT! WE'VE GOT TO STOP 'EM!



STOP! YUH CANT DO THIS! STOP THE WAGONS!

WHOA!



JEFF TATUM! ARE YOU CRAWLIN' OUT FROM UNDER, TOO?

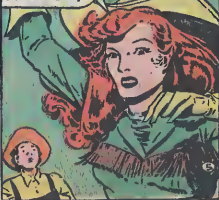
YES, MA'AM! I GOT MY FAMILY TO THINK ABOUT! I'M GITTIN' OUT O' THIS TERRITORY AFORE I'M PLOWED UNDER WITH A BULLET!

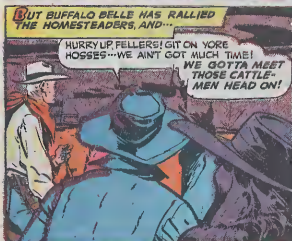
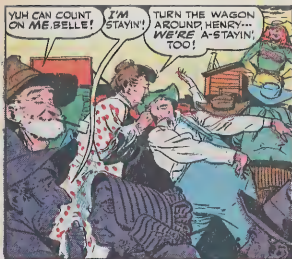


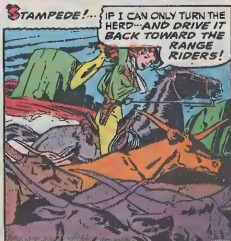
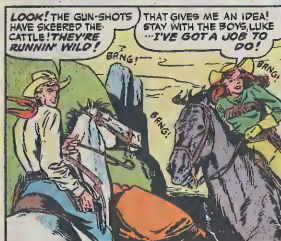
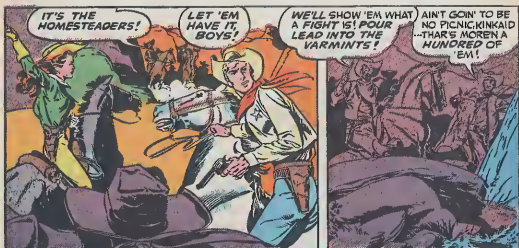
LISTEN TO ME! YUH CAME OUT HERE TO THE CHEROKEE STRIP TO BUILD HOMES FER YORE FAMILIES! MOST O' YUH WERE DOIN' FINE, TOO! AND NOW THE FUST TIME A PACK O' COYOTES ORDERS YUH TO MOVE OUT, YUH RUN AWAY LIKE YALLER DOGS! I'M ASHAMED OF YUH!

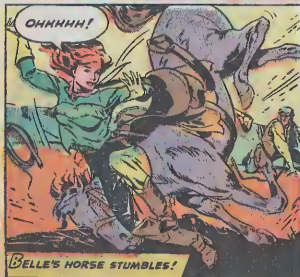
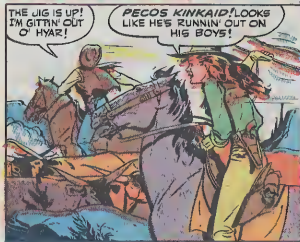
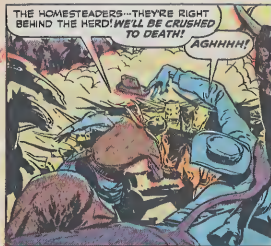


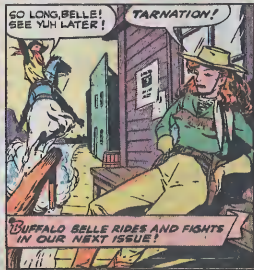
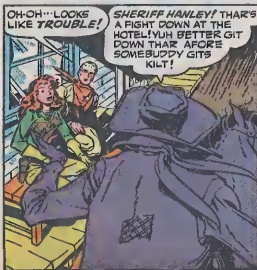
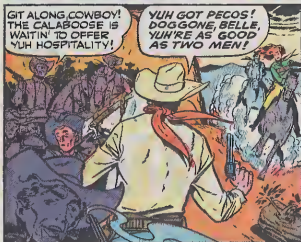
IF YUH LEAVE NOW, YUH'LL LOSE EVERY-THIN'! YUH WORKED SO HARD FOR! AREN'T THERE ANY AMONG YUH WHO'LL STAND UP AN' FIGHT FER YORE RIGHTS LIKE MEN?











BUFFALO BELLE RIDES AND FIGHTS IN OUR NEXT ISSUE!

**The Most Popular
Package at *any* Party**

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FOR THE
SURPRISE
NOVELTY IN
EVERY BOX



THE
MORE YOU
EAT—THE
MORE YOU
WANT

BEST
TREAT OF
ALL, ON A
HALLOWEEN
CALL

IT'S
CRISPY
CRUNCHY
CANDY COATED
POPCORN
WITH
PEANUTS

HEY, FOLKS!

KILROY IS HERE!

... IN THE GAYEST, GIDDIEST,
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YOU'VE **EVER** READ! IT'S

The KILROYS

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FUNFEST THAT MAKES LIFE WORTH
LAFFING! IT'S **The KILROYS**...
AMERICA'S FUNNIEST FAMILY!

DON'T MISS
The KILROYS

...FEATURING NATCH, THE MOST
TERRIFIC TEENSTER IN TOWN!
GET YOUR COPY NOW...AND
START HOWLING! YOU'LL LIVE
WITH KILROY...LAUGH WITH
KILROY...LOVE WITH KILROY!
IT'S ALL IN ...

The KILROYS

America's Funniest Family!

Fanged DEATH

BUD KELTON was white with anger as he rode through the woods which separated his small and struggling ranch from the large property of his wealthy neighbor, Will Johnson. It was all right for Johnson to want to buy him out for the rich grazing territory which Bud's spread contained—but to try to force him to sell for a low price by a continual sabotage was too much! It had started with his cattle being rustled. Then his fences were cut—and finally, just this morning, he had found thirty cows dead of poisoning! Although there was no proof, Bud Kelton knew who was behind it all, and was on his way to charge Johnson with the guilt.

Anger, however, hadn't dulled Bud's hearing, and he reined his horse in sharply as the clinking of a chain came to him, along with the low moan of an animal in pain. Then he saw what it was—a huge and fierce-looking puma, caught fast in a strong trap. He was in a bad way, his forepaw badly torn and mangled, and his terrible condition pointed to days of anguish in the trap's steely grip. There was no one else who could have set the trap but Johnson—no one so cruel as not to investigate and mercifully kill the trap's struggling occupant. True, a puma was a fierce and marauding beast, but it didn't deserve torture like this. Best to put the sorely-wounded creature out of its misery! Spurring his frightened and rearing horse to closer quarters, Bud drew his gun and took careful aim. Strange—the big puma had ceased its struggles, and was looking back at him with a strange dignity, a steadfast courage! Bud's finger wavered on the trigger. It was crazy, but he couldn't bring himself to shoot! "Golly!" he muttered angrily. "I always was a sucker fer animals! In-

stead o' bein' sorry fer him, I had oughta start thinkin' about the mavericks an' pore defenseless critters the varmint's killed!"

Once again Bud tried to fire—and once again, the puma's unswerving glance stopped him. "I eain't leave him here like this," the puzzled man murmured, "but how kin I let him outa that trap? Sure, everyone knows them big cats are cowards, an' won't attack a grown man—but this one's cornered! If I go near him, he'll turn on me sure!"

It meant taking his life in his hands—but Bud Kelton wasn't one to flinch from danger when his sympathies were aroused. The appeal in the fierce beast's eyes had hit home. Gingerly he approached him—and the puma merely lay still, awaiting his coming. Now Bud's hands were on the trap, and still not a hostile motion. With an intelligence that was almost human, the mountain lion awaited its release, then fell back panting heavily with the pain of its cruel wounds. Bud had gone this far—he might as well go all the way! Carefully, gently, expecting each moment to leap from the path of its rending claws, he washed out the puma's wounds with water from his canteen, then bandaged them with strips torn from his shirt. There wasn't a chance in the world that the animal would recover, but as it limped weakly into the underbrush, it turned to look at him. "If I didn't know he was just an ornery varmint, I'd think he was tryin' to say 'thank you!'" Bud said, then mounted and proceeded on his interrupted course towards Will Johnson's ranchhouse. He had a score to settle there, so he promptly forgot the puma.

Johnson gave him little satisfaction. "So yore herds have been rustled, yore fences cut an' yore cows poisoned!" jeer-

ed the big ranch-owner. "What about it? Can't prove I had anythin' to do with it, kin yuh? Now git out—unless yuh've changed ynr mind about sellin' out to me!" And so, simmering with rage, Bud left, hurling back over his shoulder the threat that when he *did* get the necessary proof of Johnson's guilt, he'd crack down—but plenty!

Two months passed, with the mysterious assaults against Bud's spread continuing unabated. Then finally Johnson slipped—and But knew he had the evidence he required. In the smoldering ruins of a burned-out bunkhouse, he found Johnson's expensive monographed pistol, the odor of kerosene still heavy upon it. He lost no time in riding to his enemy's ranch and charging him with his guilt. Johnson's face whitened as he saw his pistol and heard Bud's announced intention to ride to the sheriff with the proof which would convict him. Wheeling towards three of his cowhands who stood behind him in the big ranch living-room, he yelled "*Git him! We're all sunk if he gits to the sheriff with that evidence!*"

Bud knew he was in for it now. He should never have come here alone! In a lightning motion, he drew, his fast shot downing the cowhand who had fired at him. Then a pistol exploded, and he felt his gun driven from his grasp. He was unarmed now—only fast flight could save him! With a crash, he dived headlong through the window, and into his saddle. But Johnson and the two remaining cow-

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946

1 That the names and addresses of the Publisher, Editor, Managing Editor and Business Manager are Publisher R & I Publishing Co., Inc. 45 West 45th Street New York N. Y., Editor, Richard K. Hughes, 120 W 182nd St New York N. Y., Managing Editor nepe Business Manager, Frederick H. Iger, 211 Central Park West, New York N. Y.

81 New York, N. Y. D. W. Bangor, 7 West 31st Street, New York,
N. Y. ; Frederick H. Iger, 211 Central Park West, New York, N. Y.

4 That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the

to any other stock or interest in the company as trustee or agent, and other persons, including the name of the person or corporation to whom such trust is made, if any, also state the persons or corporations owning such securities, giving full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which such stockholders or security holders do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, bond stock and securities in a readily ascertainable form from a bona fide source, and this affidavit has been sworn to believe that no other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him. (Signed) Richard E. Harbert, Editor.

Nat C. Sherman, Notary Public (Commission expires Mar. 30, 1949)

POWDER RIVER PETE

RUSTY, OL' PAL, OL' FRIEND,
OL' PONY! WE JEST NATCHALLY
GOTTA WIN THAT THAR RODEO
CONTEST NEXT WEEK!

I LIKE THAT "WE" STUFF!
ALL HE DOES IS WAVE
HIS HAT AND YELL
YIPPEE!... I DO ALL
THE WORK AND CARRY
HIM BESIDES!

YES SIR! WE JEST
GOTTA WIN ON ACCOOUNTA
MISS SALLY IS GONNA
KISS THE WINNAH!
RIGHT ON THE
BANDSTAND!

TSK! TSK! TH'
POOR BOY'S
ADDLED-----
SUCH MUSH,
IT'S
EMBARRASSING!

AH DON'T FIGGER TO HAVE NO TROUBLE A- WINNIN', 'CAUSE THEY'RE GONNA JUDGE MAINLY ON ROUGH RIDIN' AND GOOD LOOKS!

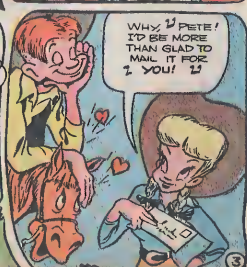
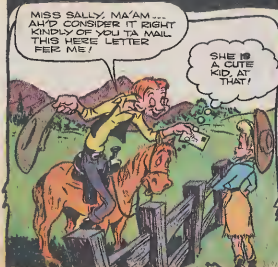
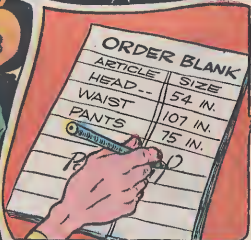
GOOD LOOKS!!! THAT'S ALL, BROTHER! THAT MEANS I'LL BE DOIN' ALL THAT WORK FOR NOTHIN'! WE COULDN'T WIN EVEN IF "HALF-AN-EYE JONES" WAS JUDGE!

JEST TA MAKE SURE, AH'M A-GONNA GIT ME A BRAN' NEW OUTFIT! AH'LL BE TH' FANCIEST COW POKE WEST O' TH' PECOS!

HI THAR, JASPER! ALL SET FER TH' BIG RODEO CONTEST?

AH'M A-GONNA GIT ME A BRAN' NEW OUTFIT BY MAIL ORDER! I'LL SURE ENOUGH COST ME SIX MONTHS' PAY, BUT I JEST GOTTA WIN THAT KISS!

I'VE GOT SOME IDEAS MYSELF ABOUT WINNIN' THE KISS AND THE GAL TOO! AFTER ALL, SHE'S THE BOSS'S DAUGHTER-- AND THIS WHOLE RANCH WILL BE HERS SOME DAY!



THAT LETTER'S GOT
SOMETHIN' MIGHTY IMPORTANT
TA DO WITH TH' RODEO AND
THAT---THAT CERTAIN
PRIZE ME AN' RUSTY
ARE AIMIN' TO WIN!

I--I--HOPE
YOU DO!--
YOU AND
RUSTY,
I MEAN!

THAT GOOD-FOR-
NOTHIN' COW
HAND OUGHT TO
BE OUT ON THE
RANGE!

PA!

YOU GET UP TO
THE HOUSE! I'LL
'TEND TO YOUR
BOY FRIEND!

MEBEE WE'D OUGHT TO
PRACTICE A MITE, MISS SALLY
---COUNTA WE'RE SURE
TA WIN NEXT
WEEK!

YOU MOON-EYED
COW POKE! IF I
WASNT SHORT-HANDED
ON TH' RANCH, I'D
RUIN YOU THROUGH
THE FEED CHOPPER!
--NOW GIT!!

SMACK

SMACK!

OH!...OH! NOW
WE'RE COOKED!
HE'S GONNA BE
JUDGE AT TH'
RODEO!

THE
GREAT DAY



IS HERE!

HONEY TA HOE CAKE!
HERE SHE IS RUSTY!
MAH NEW GIT-UP!
OOOH, BOY!

MAYBE WE'VE
GOT A CHANCE
AFTER ALL!

WHO TURNED
OUT THE
LIGHTS?

HOLY COW!
THIS COULD
ONLY HAPPEN
TO US!

LADIES AND GENTS!
THE FIRST EVENT---
"BULL-DOGGIN'!"

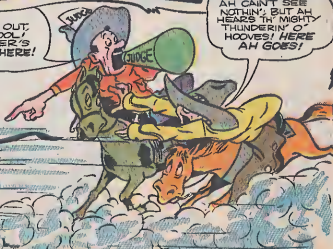
IT'S NOW OR
NEVAH, RUSTY, OL'
PAL, OL' HOSS!
LET'S GO!!

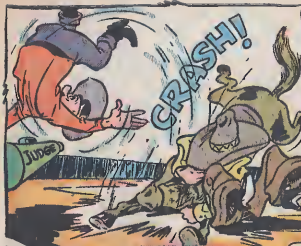
YIPPEE!

--WHUP! THAR GOES
TH' LIGHTS AG'IN!

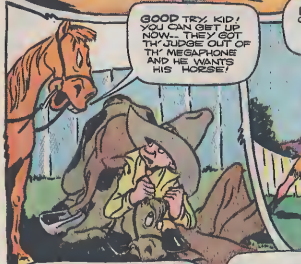
LOOK OUT,
YOU FOOL!
TH' STEER'S
OVER THERE!

AH CAN'T SEE
NOTHIN', BUT AH
HEARS TH' MIGHTY
THUNDERIN' O'
HOOVES! HERE
AH GOES!





NOW I WILL RUN HIM THROUGH TH' FEED CHOPPER! GET THIS THING OFF ME! LET ME AT HIM! HOLD MY COAT! WHERE AM I?



GOOD TRY, KID! YOU CAN GET UP NOW... THEY GOT TH' JUDGE OUT OF TH' MEGAPHONE AND HE WANTS HIS HORSE!



PLEASE, DAD! GIVE HIM JUST ONE MORE CHANCE ---- FOR ME?

WELL, --- O.K.!



THE NEXT EVENT! BAREBACK STEER RIDING!!



HEY, PETE, YOU'RE FACING THE WRONG WAY...LET ME HELP YOU!

THANKS, JASPER! MY HAT'S JUST A MITE TOO BIG!

TSK! TSK!
IMAGINE I DIDN'T
PULL THE STARTING
GATE QUITE
HIGH ENOUGH!

CRASH!

AH SEEMS TO BE A-
GOIN', 'STEAD OF A-
COMIN'! IT'S GIVIN'
ME A SLIGHT
HEADACHE!

WOW!
AH'VE GOT
MORE'N A
HEADACHE!

LOOK AT HIM RIDE--
AND BACKWARDS, TO
BOOT! -- THIS MAKES
UP FOR THAT FIRST
MESS!

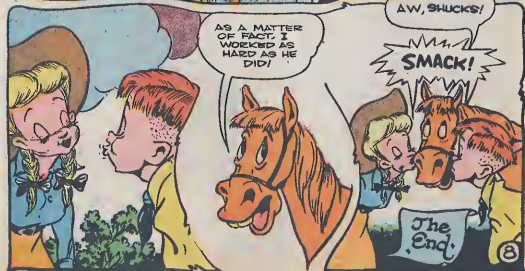
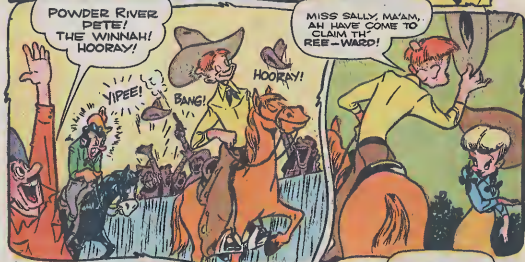
WHAT A CLOWN!
MAN! THOSE CLOTHES
ARE KILLIN' ME!

YIPEE!

JUDGE

SPLASH!

7



TENDERFOOT

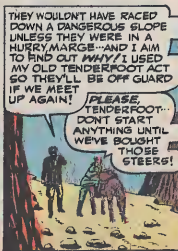
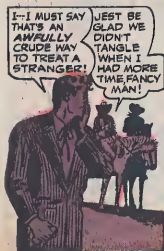
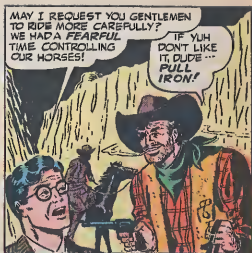
MARGE...LOOK!
GET AWAY
FROM THE
EDGE!

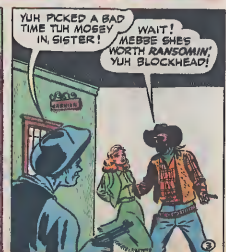
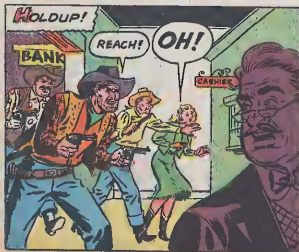
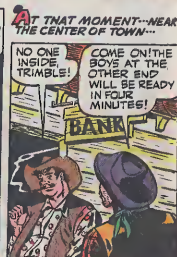
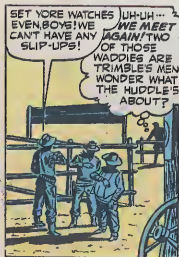
TOO BAD WE HAD TO
WAIT UNTIL THE SECOND
DAY OF THE CANYON
CATTLE AUCTION.
TENDERFOOT! THINK
WE'LL FIND ANY GOOD
STEERS LEFT?

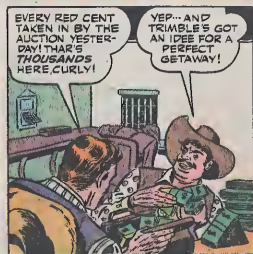
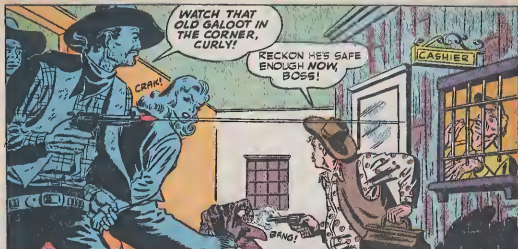
TENDERFOOT! THAT'S
A FIGHTING WORDPARDNER--
IF A TENDERFOOT **COULD**
FIGHT! IT'S THE LAST
THING A BAND OF HARD-
BITTEN OUTLAWS EX-
PECT...UNTIL THEY FIND
THEMSELVES OUT-GUNNED
AND OUT-SLUGGED IN
ANOTHER RIP-ROARING
EPISODE OF THE OLD
WEST!

W-WHOA! HEAVENS
...I'M FALLING!

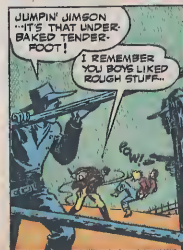
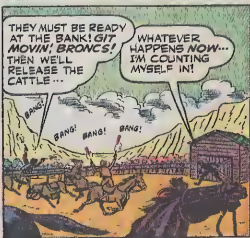
EASY,
MARGE!

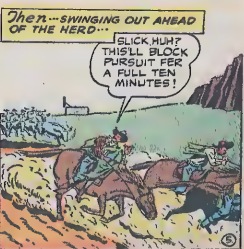
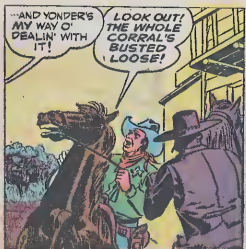
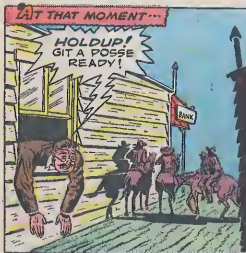
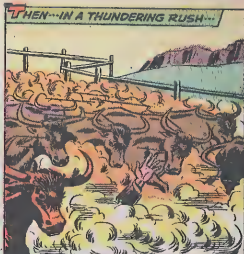
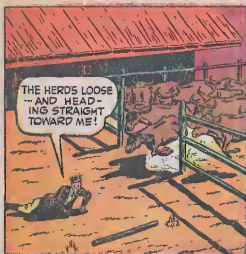






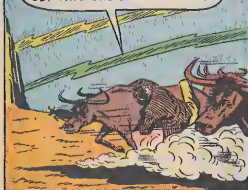
LAND AT THE CORRAL...





BUT AT THE HEAD OF THE MAD RUSH...

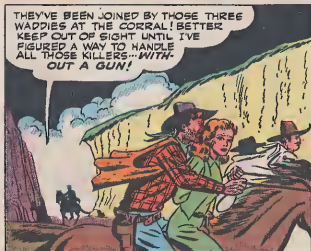
I USED TO THINK LEARNING RODEO TRICKS WAS A WASTE OF TIME... BUT THIS ONE SAVED MY LIFE!



GREAT GUNS...THOSE OUTLAWS HAVE MARGE! GOOD THING THIS HORSE RAN ALONG WITH THE HERD!



THEY'VE BEEN JOINED BY THOSE THREE WADDIES AT THE CORRAL! BETTER KEEP OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL I'VE FIGURED A WAY TO HANDLE ALL THOSE KILLERS...WITH-
OUT A GUN!



AN HOUR LATER...IN A REMOTE CANYON...

NOW THAT WE'RE DIVVYIN' UP...WE MIGHT AS WELL COUNT IN THE RANSOM WE'LL GET FOR YOU!

YOU MIGHT HAVE SAVED YOURSELF THE TROUBLE! EVERY CENT I OWN HAS BEEN SUNK IN THE CARTER RANCH!



MEANIN' YUH'RE JEST A WITNESS TO THE ROBBERY, EH? YUH KNOW WHAT **THAT** MEANS, SISTER?

CUTTING THROUGH THIS PINE TREE MAY WORK...BUT IT'S GOT TO BE **FAST!**



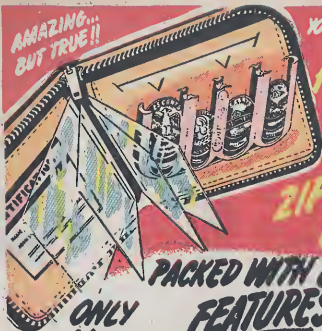
STAND BACK AGAINST THEM ROCKS, SISTER...AND START **PRAYIN'!**

HE'S READY TO FIRE! I CAN'T LOSE ANOTHER SECOND!





AMAZING...
BUT TRUE!!



YOU CAN GET THESE
**HAND
COLORED**
COIN HOLDER
**ZIPPER
BILLFOLDS**

**PACKED WITH EXPENSIVE
FEATURES**

ONLY
\$1.98

PLUS
FEDERAL
TAX

Now enjoy 5% in
Actual and 35% in
5% when you
purchase with
Leathercraft wallet
comes to you from
the heart of the
Leathercraft industry
making this
low price possible.

INCLUDES NO.
4 PATENTED
**SECRET
POCKET**
AT NO EXTRA
COST



NO. 21 BATHING BEAUTIES



NO. 32 MOUNTAIN VALLEY DAYS



Hand colored scene extends the
full length of the wallet!

It's a fact! You get this beautiful coin
holder, leather packed wallet by mail
for only 1.98! Each wallet is hand
finished, gorgeously embossed and
hand colored with colors that won't
run off! Each has a quality, smooth-
shining zipper that completely seals the
wallet. And here are the big EXTRA
— materials "change maker" coin
holder plus the most mysterious secret
pocket ever made — to hold your
business papers and money from any
one else.

**JUST LOOK
..AT THESE
FEATURES!!**

- Patented Coin Holder • Patented Secret Pocket
- Smooth-shine zipper • Beautifully hand-colored scene
- Manufactured and • Heavy carrying equipment
- Built-in change form • 8 photos and pen slides



NO. 23 RIDING THE RANGE



NO. 24 ROMANTIC MEXICO



**WHAT A
WONDERFUL
GIFT!**

Here's the perfect gift for her
or all, made at Western. Choose
any scene that has captured
his or her personality. And
remember—every scene is
gorgeously hand colored in
40 colors in 4 different
effects. What a gift!
What a bargain!

**SEND NO
MONEY
ORDER NOW!**

SECRET POCKET KNOWN ONLY TO YOU KEYS' PRECIOUS
PAPERS AND MONEY SAFE FROM PRYING EYES!

Gentlemen:
My return mail, push me your hand colored, sets holder zipper
wallet contains the patented SECRET POCKET. I am
returning, I will pay the postman \$1.98 plus federal tax, postage
and C.O.D. charges. If I am not fully satisfied, I am return
the wallet within ten days for a full refund.

The LEATHERCRAFT CO.
Dept. 52
364 Main Ave.,
Cotton, N. J.

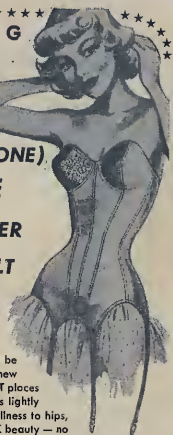
My wallet selection is..... (Circle No. 1-4)
If ordering more than one, state how many and style number.....
MY NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY..... STATE.....

 ★ ENJOY THRILLING
 ★ ALLURING BEAUTY
 ★
New Look
 ★ WITH THE NEW (ALL★IN★ONE)



YOU GET
 ALL THESE
 IN
 ONE

- 1. WAIST NIPPER
- 2. GARTER BELT
- 3. UPLIFT BRA



THREE★N★ONE PUTS YOUR FIGURE IN STYLE INSTANTLY! You will be more doringly feminine, curvaceous, the moment you put on the new amazing THREE★N★ONE. It gives you enticing curves just in the RIGHT places with no unwanted bulges in the wrong ones. With built in features it's lightly boned and designed to pull in your waist, give the right amount of fullness to hips, lift your bust to daring firm contours, so you have the magic NEW LOOK beauty — no matter what shape bosom you may have. The magic, new amazing little garment does all this in a jiffy! It's made with the new, alluring post war material with attractive lace inserts at bust, with luxury net edging at both top and bottom. Comfort is built right into it. Bend, sit, walk, stretch, etc., you will enjoy all day comfort with THREE★N★ONE. Lastex insert, with adjustable hook-and-eye back fastening. All 4 garters are adjustable. Adjustable bra-straps too, which are simple and easy to attach. The New Look THREE★N★ONE costs little more than bra alone! A cup 30 to 26. B cup (larger) 32 to 38. Colors: DARING BLACK, BABY BLUE, BRIDAL WHITE, and SKIN NUDE.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
 WITH A 10 DAY FREE TRIAL

If THREE★N★ONE doesn't do the wonders for your figure as it has for others, if you're not delighted with your new daring new look beauty, if you are not 100% satisfied your money will be refunded at once.

MAIL COUPON NOW

THREE★N★ONE CO., Dept. A-100
 871 Broad St., Newark, New Jersey

Send me at once for \$5.95 cash, check or money order the
 THREE★N★ONE. If I am not 100% satisfied my money
 will be refunded. Cup _____ Size _____

1st Color Choice	2nd Color Choice
------------------	------------------

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ Zone _____ State _____

SENT ON 10 DAY APPROVAL

★ FULL BOSOM FIGURE
 ★ TINY WAIST
 ★ NEW LOOK
 ★ ALLURING BUST

Enjoy



STRAPS
 INCLUDED
 to easily
 strapless
 or wear
 straps.

595

- ★ NUDE
- ★ WHITE
- ★ BLUE
- ★ BLACK

NEW! *Jim Prentice, Amazing, Exciting, 1949.*
ELECTRIC FOOTBALL

Made and Guaranteed by ELECTRIC GAME CO. 18 Front St., Holyoke, Mass.



GET SET FOR
Breathtaking ACTION

This wonderful electric game is loaded with toothball, snail-life action. It takes a keen knowledge of the game to win—to outsmart, outplay your most Electric keys on each end of the playing field, send currents through a maze of wires. Lights flash the play! Yards gained or lost depend on the keys swiftly pressed by you and your opponent. It's a thrill when you hit the right combination... go soaring through for a long run.

Originally this game sold for \$5. Today it is 100 per cent better in every way and sells for one-half the price. \$2.50 complete. *It is an amazing value for the money.*



MONEY BACK GUARANTEE RUSH TODAY

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28 Front St., Halyoke, Mead.

Name _____

Street

5

Zone _____ State _____

Amount
Enrolled

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| Electric Football | \$2.95 |
| Electric Baseball | \$3.00 |
| Electric Bowling | \$2.50 |
| Electric Checkmate | \$1.00 |
| Super Football 3 | 0.00 |
| Super Baseball | \$19.00 |
| C.O.D. 50¢ per Post | |
| Company with Machine | |
| 70¢ payment with each | |
| no. of machine | |
| and 50¢ per machine | |